

# The Mirror

OF

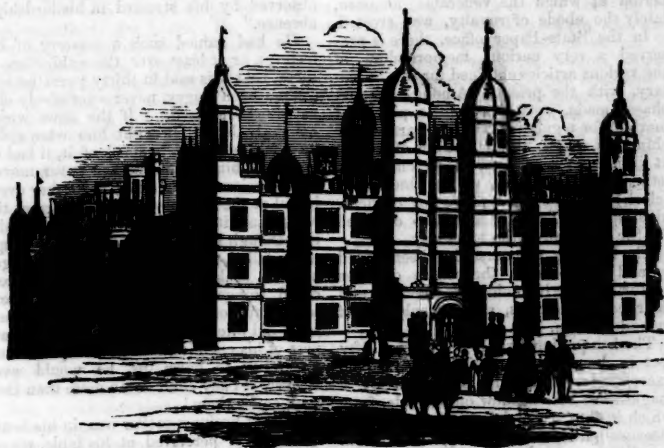
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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BURLEIGH HOUSE.

## BURLEIGH HOUSE, AND ITS FOUNDER, THE LORD TREASURER.

All eyes have recently been directed to Burleigh House, the noble seat of the Marquis of Exeter, of which we are enabled to submit a correct representation. It is matter of surprise that the ever vigilant diurnal historians have omitted to note the coincidence which caused the queen of England, almost without a pause to pass from the architectural representative of the Burse of Sir Thomas Gresham, to a mansion, built in the same reign, and formed in part of materials provided by that active agent for the ancestor of the marquis of Exeter—Sir William Cecil—to be visited by the famous predecessor of her majesty, queen Elizabeth.

The domestic correspondence in the State Paper Office shows that amidst the mighty cares which occupied his mind, Sir William Cecil, better known as lord Burleigh, wished to prove his taste by adorning his residence with embellishments, which were to be furnished from abroad.

Gresham, in a letter, dated October 27 1570, writes thus: "Other I have not to molest your honour withall but that I have delyvered to one of your masons the four pillars of cullorid marbell with their furniture in good order."

Nor was it merely the pillars of coloured marble that he so procured. Of this the following proofs are quoted by the laborious and accurate Burgon:—

"As yet, Master Secretary's payying stones are not come, but Henryke sayth he knoweth well they wyll be here within a daye or two at the furthermost, which, when they come, I will not faile to sende them awaye out of hand, although I should hyre a small hoye of purpose, and a man, [to convey them] withall." We continue to read in November: "As yet, Master Secretary's stones are not come, which maketh Master Henryke almost out of his witts, for I never faile a {daye}, but I am once a daye with him for them, so that they cannot be long unless they be drownyd by the waye." They arrived at last, to the

great satisfaction of all parties, and Henryke sent a "patron how they should be layd." "Being glad that the stones for Master Secretary are arrived with you in safety, and, for the touchstone you sende me, I cannot write your answer by this, my letter, for that both Henryke and Florys are both out of the town. But, and if they will deliver them in London, redy hewed, at 2s. the foote, it wolde not be deare, as, by my next, I will write you more at large."

This letter, written in 1566, marks the period at which the venerable mansion, lately the abode of royalty, was erected.

In the State-Paper office, there is preserved a very curious memorandum of the various articles obtained for Mr. Secretary, with the prices. Among the purchases made, were, "xvi little pillers of marbill, for a gallery; xi li. ix harthes for chimneys, at 24s. 4d.; vi chaires of velvet, at iii li. the peece, xviii li, vi chaires of lether, at xxiiiis. iiid., vii li. One cloke, (clock) v li. viiis id.; x platts for candells, xiiis. iiid." Tapestry was also obtained for Sir William, in the same way.

The building, of course, has been added to and improved in the course of three centuries, and its noble apartments, and their costly contents, are the subjects of just admiration.

The banquetting-hall is upwards of fifty feet in length, twenty-eight broad, and exceedingly lofty. It is lighted by a magnificent bow-window on one side, from which is obtained a delightful view of the pleasure-gardens surrounding the mansion. In the recess of this window stands a superb wine-cooler or cistern of massive silver, weighing 3,800 ounces. Upon a sideboard at the south end of the room, beneath a remarkably fine window, ornamented with richly-stained glass, representing the family arms and the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, appears a magnificent display of gold plate, some of which was presented to the family by king James II, queen Anne, and George I. At the north end of the room, at an elevation of upwards of twelve feet, is the music-gallery, capable of accommodating about fifty performers.

The private chapel is of the same age as the mansion, and puts forth many claims to admiration. It is adorned with superb carvings by Gibbons. Ten antique figures in bronze are arranged as large as life. Queen Elizabeth, it is said, when a visitor at Burghley, regularly attended divine service in this chapel, and it was her custom to place herself on the left side, nearest the altar, which has ever since been distinguished by the appellation of queen Elizabeth's seat.

The eminent person who reared this

noble pile, was a most remarkable character. As a statesman he was great. His acuteness, courage, and determination never failed him. One who passed many years in his family thus writes of him and his habits:—

"After performance of business there were prayers every day said in his chapel, at eleven o'clock, when his lordship and all his servants were present; for he seldom or never went to dinner without prayers. And so likewise at six of the clocke before supper, which course was observed by his steward in his lordship's absence."

He had gained such a mastery of his feelings, or at least over the exhibition of them, that it is said in thirty years he was seldom seen angry, never excessively elevated or depressed. "If the news which his daily letters brought him were good, he would temperately speak of it, if bad he kept it to himself, but he was never moved with passion in either case. Neither overjoyful at the best news, nor daunted at the worst, and it was worthily noted of him that though his body was weak his courage never failed, as in times of greatest danger he ever spake most cheerfully, and executed things most readily, when others seemed full of doubt or dread. And when some did often talk fearfully of the greatness of his enemies, and of their power and possibility to harm us, he would ever answer—'They shall do no more than God shall suffer them.'

"What business soever was in his head, it was never perceived at his table, where he would be so merry as one would imagine that he had nothing else to do; and even in his ordinary talk, he uttered so many notable things, as one might learn more in an hour's hearing of him than in a month's reading, so that many came rather to hear his speeches than to eat his meat."

Fuller, speaking of lord Burleigh's composure, says, "At night, when he put off his gown, he used to say, lye there, lord-treasurer, and bidding adieu to all state affairs, dispose himself to his quiet rest."

#### A NEW PLEASURE. THE DELIGHTS OF HANGING.

Mr. Wakley is the most amusing of coroners. He has given us, in a variety of cases, a series of strange stories, but none more surprising than one published in the newspapers last week. Holding an inquest on a poor old Chelsea pensioner, who had committed suicide by hanging himself, he made the following statement:—

"It was extraordinary how *pleasing the effects of hanging were*. That was apparent from the fact that of all the persons who

committed suicide by hanging, the majority were found either in a sitting posture, or with their feet or knees touching the ground. In one instance, a young lady, who was watched by two females, one at either side of her bed, strangled herself with the strings of her night-dress, without their knowledge. On another occasion, a man hung himself while stretched upon his face, with his nose almost touching the ground. A short time since he held an inquest at Balls Pond upon a man who, having hung himself up, the cord broke before he was dead, and he survived the attempt thirty-five hours. He stated that *he had enjoyed the most pleasing sensations while suspended.* Persons who committed suicide by hanging (continued the coroner) went off as in a sleep, and died without pain. He did not speak of malefactors hanged at the Old Bailey, whose necks were broken, but of those, who, like the deceased, hung themselves without subjecting their bodies to a jerk. In the latter case neither was the neck broken, nor was the windpipe closed, but a congestion of the brain ensued, which caused death."

In one journal, the *Britannia*, it is wickedly insinuated that, perhaps, Mr. Wakley, making the statement, had an eye to business, and the increase of fees likely to ensue on this information getting abroad. The public who have anything to lose, should thank him for hinting that an Old Bailey execution may be rather painful. But for that, robberies, perhaps, murders, would have increased tenfold, perpetrated by the votaries of pleasure, in order more easily to enjoy the sensation of being hanged! As it is, we may expect the ministers of luxury will shortly invite their patrons to be suspended, as they now call them to a warm bath, or a shampooing chair. Parents must take care to keep halters and cross-beams out of sight, as the nursery will probably soon resound with the cry of, "Daddy, give me a rope."

#### RELICS AND ROYALTY IN THE TIME OF KING EDWARD IV.

Every real picture of the state of England three or four centuries ago is found interesting. Antiquarian studies have, during the last century, been so assiduously and so successfully pursued, that it might not unreasonably be supposed that nothing worth reading can now be discovered. Such is not the case. From time to time new and unsuspected stores are opened, which delight from the confirmation they give of that which was previously written, or instruct by correcting misrepresentation.

The travels of Leo von Rozmital, through

the West of Europe, in the fifteenth century, lately published by the Literary Union of Stuttgard, present matter of this sort which will be read with pleasure by those who, like Sir Walter Scott—and they are not a few—find gratification in studying history and antiquities. Leo was the brother-in-law of George, king of Bohemia, and set out on his journey, November 26th, 1465. Two accounts are given of his pilgrimage; one by a Bohemian, named Schaschek, and the other by Tetzal, a native of Nuremberg. The original Bohemian is lost; but a Latin translation, made a century after the journal, by Stanislaus Pawlowski, afterwards bishop of Olmutz, has been preserved. The prince was a man of observation, supposed to be of good capacity, yet credulous enough to have faith in the most extravagant monstrosities that the priests of that day thought it for their interest to promulgate. This is not to be considered an impeachment of his general understanding. Like the belief of ghosts and witches, which survived for centuries after the period in which he lived; the educated men of the day took up the fictions which were current, and no more thought of asking for demonstrations of their truth than we now require to see the remains of the victim, before we can believe that a murder has been committed. Of such a fact we are convinced, by reading that witnesses of credit have spoken to the circumstance; and so prince Leo, from the concurrent testimony of holy and respectable men, could believe in the prodigies related; such, for instance, as that there was "a crucifix in London (not Dr. Crucifix) that had been heard to speak."

Not undertaking to follow him through the whole of his tour, this notice will be confined to show part of what he saw in England.

Canterbury was then in its glory. The grave of St. Thomas à Beckett was still visited by the devout; and wealth was lavished on the shrine of that ill-fated prelate. Leo, of course, failed not to direct his steps to the venerable cathedral which contained the remains. Had he felt no reverence for them, the other sainted objects there deposited, would have had sufficient attraction to command the presence of the royal traveller. He went, and this is his report:—

"Here we saw his sepulchre cast in pure gold, studded with gems, and enriched with such magnificent donations that I know of nothing equal to it. Among other precious things, there is a carbuncle, half the size of a hen's egg, which emits radiance during the night. All the relics of St. Thomas were shown to us—his head and the pillar before the chapel of the Virgin, beside which he used to pray, and, indeed, hold

converse with the Blessed Virgin, as was seen and heard by many witnesses. But three hundred years have passed away since these things were done. In the convent there is a fountain, the water of which has been five times converted into blood, and once into milk; and this happened shortly before our visit. We saw, also, the head-dress of the Blessed Virgin, a fragment of the garment of Christ, and three thorns from his crown. Also, we beheld the shirt of St. Thomas and his brains, and the blood of the apostles St. Thomas and St. John; the sword with which St. Thomas of Canterbury was beheaded; a portion of the Virgin's hair, and a fragment from her sepulchre; also, part of the shoulder of St. Simeon, who held Christ in his arms, one of the legs of St. George, part of the body and bones of St. Lawrence, the leg of the virgin Recordia, and the leg of St. Mildred the virgin. We saw, also, a tooth of John the Baptist, part of the cross of the apostles Peter and Andrew, the bones of St. Phillip and St. James the Apostles, a tooth and a finger of the martyr Stephen, the bones of St. Catherine the virgin, and some oil from her tomb, which, they say, flows to this day; also, the hair of the blessed Mary Magdalene, a tooth of St. Benedict, a finger of St. Urban, the lips of one of the infants slain by Herod, the bones of St. Clement, and the bones of St. Vincent. Besides these, many other things were shown to us which I do not specify here."

His general description of the country is, no doubt, correct.

"England is a small country, long and narrow, full of villages, towns, castles, woods, and cultivated fields. There are many wide heaths, in some parts affording pasturage, in others only reeds and rushes. The greatest produce of the land is in sheep. These find pasturage through summer and winter upon the heaths. There are also several parks, with many rare animals in them. Heath is burned instead of wood. There is little wine, corn or wood there, save what is brought over the sea. The common people drink a liquor that is called 'Al'selpir.'"

For the liquor "Al'selpir," that is rather a puzzler. *Al*, of course, we must render ale; but the *Selpir* we cannot satisfactorily explain.

The usages and ceremonials observed in the presence of royalty, in those times, were such, that Miss Burney, if acquainted with them, would hardly have repined at the attentions required from her in the time of queen Charlotte. The narrator says: "From Canterbury we rode through the kingdom of England, to the head city called Lund (London), where the king holds his court. It is a very brave and noble city, and carries on trade with all coun-

tries. There is a multitude of people in it, many tradespeople, especially goldsmiths and cloth-makers, and very beautiful women. In the city we found the king [Edward IV] who, when he heard of master's arrival, had a costly lodging-place prepared for him, and sent out to meet him his herald and some of his courtiers, with whom my lord rode into the city. The king soon after invited my master to his court. Here we saw the very great reverence which his servants paid him; great noblemen have to kneel before him. Also, he gave his hand to my lord and his noble companions. Then my lord acquainted him with the purpose of his journey, and the king was very well pleased with it, and behaved very friendly towards my lord. The king is a very proper, handsome man, and has the finest set of courtiers that a man may find in christendom. After some days he invited my lord Leo and all his noble companions, and gave to each of them the medal of his order, to every knight a golden one, and to every one who was not a knight a silver one, and he himself hung them upon their necks. Another day the king called us to court. In the morning the queen [Elizabeth Woodville] went from child-bed to church, with a splendid procession of many priests, bearing relics, and many scholars, all singing and carrying burning candles. Besides there was a great company of women and maidens from the country and from London, who were bidden to attend. There were also a great number of trumpeters, pipers, and other players, with forty-two of the king's singing men, who sang very sweetly. Also, there were four and twenty heralds and pursuivants, and sixty lords and knights. Then came the queen, led by two dukes, and with a canopy borne over her head. Behind her followed her mother and above sixty ladies and maidens. Having heard the service sung, and kneeled down in the church, she returned with the same procession to her palace. Here all who had taken part in the procession were invited to a feast, and all sat down, the men and the women, the clergy and the laity, each in his rank, filling four large rooms. Also, the king invited my lord and all his noble attendants to the table where he usually dined with his courtiers. And one of the king's greatest lords must sit at the king's table, upon the king's stool, in the place of the king; and my lord sat at the same table, only two steps below him. Then all the honours which were due to the king had to be paid to the lord who sat in his place, and also to my lord, and it is incredible what ceremonies we observed there. While we were eating, the king was making presents to all the trumpeters, pipers, players, and heralds; to the last alone he gave four hundred nobles, and

every one when he received his pay, came to the tables and told aloud what the king had given him. When my lord had done eating, he was conducted into a costly, ornamented room, where the queen was to dine, and there he was seated in a corner that he might see all the expensive provisions. The queen sat down on a golden stool alone at her table, and her mother and the king's sister stood far below her. And when the queen spoke to her mother or to the king's sister, they kneeled down every time before her, and remained kneeling until the queen drank water. And all her ladies and maids, and those who waited upon her, even great lords, had to kneel while she was eating, which continued three hours. (1) After dinner there was dancing; but the queen remained sitting upon her stool, and her mother kneeled before her. The king's sister danced with two dukes, and the beautiful dances and reverences performed before the queen, the like I have never seen, nor such beautiful maidens. Among them were eight duchesses, and above thirty countesses and others, all daughters of great people. After the dance the king's singing men came in and sang. When the king heard mass sung in his private chapel, my lord was admitted. Then the king had his relics shown to us, and many sacred things in London. Among them we saw a stone from the Mount of Olives upon which there is the foot-print of Jesus Christ, our Lady's girdle, and many other relics."

#### NEW MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.

Hall and Holinshed, and Grafton, never had such means for writing the History of England as will be at the command of future historians. Who, in former times, ever imagined such details of the sittings and doings of the House of Commons, as have lately been procured from returns moved for at different periods by Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Hawes, and Mr. Estcourt, having reference to the sittings of the House of Commons, the divisions of the House, and public and private bills? From the first of these it appears that from the 1st of February to the 9th of August (being the session of 1844) the House sat 119 days and four Saturdays, the hours of sitting being 906½, of which 96 hours were after midnight, and the average time of sitting being 7 hours and 36 minutes. The total number of divisions in the same period was 167, of which 126 were on public matters before midnight, 28 on public matters after midnight, and 13, on private bills before midnight. The largest division appears to have been upon a motion of Lord J. Russell, for a committee of the

whole House on the state of Ireland, when there were 554 members present, including the Speaker, of whom 227 voted for the motion, and 326 against it. The smallest division was on a motion for discharging Mr. B. Denison from further attendance on the poor relief (Gilbert's union) committee, when only 32 members voted, 12 being for the motion, and 20 against it. During the same session 136 public bills which commenced in the House were introduced, and 37 bills which commenced in the House of Lords. The bill which occupied the longest period in passing was the Poor-law Amendment Bill which occupied six months, the stages being as follows:—Bill ordered February 10, read a first time February 10, considered in committee May 10, July 4, 5, 12, 13, 15, 17, and reported with amendments and considered July 24 and 25, read third time July 26, received the royal assent August 9. The bill which required the shortest period to pass was the Exchequer Bills Bill (£18,407,300), which only occupied ten days. It was ordered and read a first time April 30, read a second time May 2, considered in committee May 3, reported May 6, read a third time May 7, and received the royal assent May 10. The number of private bills read the first time was 148, the number read a second time was 137, the number reported was 128, the number of private bills brought from the Lords was 44, and the number of opposed bills was 82.

After this year we may live in hope that another year will inform us of the number of times Mr. Speaker used his pocket handkerchief during a debate; the quantity and quality of the snuff he may take while in the chair, and the weight of rump steaks and mutton chops consumed at Bellamy's on all the great questions of the session.

#### THE WARRIOR'S VINDICATION.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

*Authoress of "Tranquil Hours," &c.*

We met without one smile of joy, without one  
tear of pain,  
Though he'd returned, and not unscathed, from  
battle's gory plain;  
Where he'd performed such daring deeds, the  
laurels ne'er can fade,  
Which Victory on his dauntless brow, exultingly  
had laid.  
Yes! colder than the Alpine snows, where sun-  
beams never set,  
The lovers of a former day, now but as strangers  
met.  
For rumour tales had brought of him, when he  
was far away,  
That he young trusting hearts but won, to tor-  
ture and betray!  
No outward sign and visible, so well I'd school'd  
my face,  
Reveal'd my bosom's agony—the aching empty  
space



His form had filled—could only fill—a void for  
 ever more,  
 Since Treachery had wrecked Hope's bark on its  
 deceitful shore.  
 I could have kiss'd the earth he trod, have fallen  
 at his feet,  
 Or placed his hand upon my heart, to still its  
 frantic beat.  
 For never was he half so dear, oh! half so dear  
 as now,  
 With scars that laurels could not hide, upon his  
 noble brow!  
 With languor there of suffering, too, it had been  
 sweet to soothe,  
 Woman's divine prerogative—man's rugged path  
 to smooth.  
 For ah! to pity him, alas! such weakness had  
 betray'd  
 That from him I would fain have flown, of my own  
 strength afraid!  
 His melancholy eye sought mine, and then the  
 speaking look,  
 I turned away, I knew not how its eloquence to  
 brook!  
 And then his voice stole on my ear, so musically  
 low,  
 It was in vain to struggle more, tears uncontrol'd  
 would flow!  
 Ere I could speak—ere I could think—with ardour  
 to his breast,  
 As warmly as affianced bride, my trembling form  
 was prest,  
 And then I learnt that calumny had told its false-  
 hoods dire,  
 Hatred, distrust, doubt, jealousy, between us to  
 inspire.  
 I had known happiness before, a rare amount of  
 bliss,  
 But never had I felt a thrill so exquisite as this.  
 Oh, ecstasy! Oh, joy supreme! the lover to find  
 true,  
 Whose faith was as essential as the vital air I  
 drew!  
 I gazed upon his gazing eyes, with confidence  
 extreme,  
 Conscious sincerity alone illumed their vivid  
 beam;  
 The light of truth, of constancy, refulgently there  
 shone,  
 It needed not one word to prove he wooed but  
 me alone.  
 The heart has not a wish on earth, no other can  
 it have,  
 When the loved warrior is found, as constant as  
 he's brave!

### POISONERS AND THUGS OF THE EAST.

The art of murder seems to have been studied as a science from the earliest times in the East. We read that the chief of the Assassins, the Old Man of the Mountains, had agents who could assume any shape; have recourse to any expedient, and devote any space of time to compass the death of one whom he had doomed to destruction. Such is the case even now; such, at least, Lieut.-Colonel Sleeman's "Rambles and Recollections," show it to have been very recently; and it is too much to hope, however severely punished, in some cases, that a system so deeply rooted has been wholly extirpated.

The enormities of Thuggism have been so often detailed, that here we shall not

dwell on them. One instance of persevering and elaborate artifice, however, we must submit.

#### THUGGEE STRATAGEM.

A native commissioned officer of a regiment of native infantry one day told me that, while he was on duty over some Thugs at Lucknow, one of them related, with great seeming pleasure, the following case, which seemed to him one of the most remarkable that he had heard them speak of during the time they were under his charge:—

"A stout Mogul officer of noble bearing and singularly handsome countenance, on his way from the Punjab to Oude, crossed the Ganges at Gurmucktesur Ghat, near Meeruth, to pass through Moradabad and Bareilly. He was mounted on a fine Turkeek horse, and attended by his khidmutgar (butler) and groom. Soon after crossing the river he fell in with a small party of well-dressed and modest-looking men going the same road. They accosted him in a respectful manner, and attempted to enter into conversation with him. He had heard of Thugs, and told them to be off. They smiled at his idle suspicions, and tried to remove them, but all in vain; the Mogul was determined; they saw his nostrils swell with indignation, took their leave, and followed slowly. The next morning he overtook the same number of men, but of a different appearance, all Mussulmans. They accosted him in the same respectful manner; talked of the danger of the road, and the necessity of their keeping together, and taking advantage of the protection of any mounted gentleman that happened to be going the same way. The Mogul officer said not a word in reply, resolved to have no companions on the road. They persisted—his nostrils began again to swell, and putting his hand to his sword, he bid them all be off, or he would have their heads from their shoulders. He had a bow and quiver full of arrows over his shoulders, a brace of loaded pistols in his waist-belt, and a sword by his side, and was altogether a very formidable-looking cavalier. In the evening another party, that lodged in the same surae, became intimate with the butler and groom. They were going the same road; and, as the Mogul overtook them in the morning, they made their bows respectfully, and began to enter into conversation with their two friends, the groom and the butler, who were coming up behind. The Mogul's nostrils began again to swell, and he bid the strangers to be off. The groom and butler interceded, for their master was a grave, sedate man, and they wanted companions. All would not do, and the strangers fell in the rear. The next day, when they had got in the middle of an extensive

and uninhabited plain, the Mogul in advance, and his two servants a few hundred yards behind, he came up to a party of six poor Mussulmans, sitting weeping by the side of a dead companion. They were soldiers from Lahore, on their way to Lucknow, worn down by fatigue in their anxiety to see their wives and children once more, after a long and painful service. Their companion, the hope and prop of his family, had sunk under the fatigue, and they had made a grave for him; but they were poor, unlettered men, and unable to repeat the funeral service from the holy Koran—would his highness but perform this last office for them, he would, no doubt, find his reward in this world and in the next. The Mogul dismounted—the body had been placed in its proper position, with its head towards Mecca. A carpet was spread—the Mogul took off his bow and quiver, then his pistols and sword, and placed them on the ground near the body—called for water, and washed his feet, hands, and face, that he might not pronounce the holy words in an unclean state. He then knelt down and began to repeat the funeral service, in a clear, loud voice. Two of the poor soldiers knelt by him, one on each side, in silence. The other four went off a few paces, to beg that the butler and groom would not come so near as to interrupt the good Samaritan at his devotions. All being ready, one of the four, in a low under-tone, gave the shirnee (signal), the handkerchiefs were thrown over their necks, and in a few minutes all three—the Mogul and his servants—were dead, and lying in the grave in the usual manner, the head of one at the feet of the one below him. All the parties they had met on the road belonged to a gang of Jumaldee Thugs, of the kingdom of Oude. In despair of being able to win the Mogul's confidence in the usual way, and determined to have the money and jewels, which they knew he carried with him, they had adopted the plan of disarming him; dug the grave by the side of the road, in the open plain, and made a handsome young Mussulman of the party the dead soldier. The Mogul, being a very stout man, died almost without a struggle."

This is frightful, but the Poisoners, still more insidious while effecting their fell purpose, are wholly unseen. Col. Sleeman gives one case, which, oddly as it may sound, is actually related by one of their victims.

"I," said a native, "reside in my hut by the side of the road, a mile and a half from the town, and live upon the bounty of travellers, and people of the surrounding villages. About six weeks ago, I was sitting by the side of my shrine after saying prayers, with my only son, about ten years of age, when a man came up with his wife,

his son, and his daughter, the one a little older, and the other a little younger than my boy. They baked and ate their bread near my shrine, and gave me flour enough to make two cakes. This I prepared and baked. My boy was hungry, and ate one cake and a half. I ate only half a one, for I was not hungry. I had a few days before purchased a new blanket for my boy, and it was hanging in a branch of the tree that shaded the shrine, when these people came. My son and I soon became stupefied. I saw him fall asleep, and I soon followed. I awoke again in the evening, and found myself in a pool of water. I had sense enough to crawl towards my boy! I found him still breathing; and I sat by him with his head in my lap, where he soon died. It was now evening, and I got up, and wandered about all night picking up straws—I know not why. I was not yet quite sensible. During the night the wolves ate my poor boy. I heard this from travellers, and went and gathered up his bones and buried them in the shrine. I did not quite recover till the third day, when I found that some washerwomen had put me into the pool, and left me there with my head out, in hopes that this would revive me; but they had no hope for my son. I was then taken to the police of the town; but the landowners had begged me to say nothing about the Poisoners, lest it might get them and their village community into trouble. The man is tall and fair, and about thirty-five; the woman short, stout, and fair, and about thirty, two of her teeth projected a good deal; the boy's eyelids were much diseased."

And how was this crime accomplished; and what was their motive? The Colonel tells us: "I found all the poor man stated to be true; the man and his wife had mixed poison with the flour to destroy the poor old man and his son for the sake of the new blanket which they saw hanging in the branch of the tree, and carried away with them. The poison used on such occasions is commonly the datura, and it is sometimes given in the hookah to be smoked, and at others in food. When they require to poison children as well as grown-up people, or women who do not smoke, they mix up the poison in food. The intention is almost always to destroy life, as 'dead men tell no tales;' but the poisoned people sometimes recover, as in the present case, and lead to the detection of the Poisoners. The cases in which they recover are, however, rare; and of those who recover few are ever able to trace the Poisoners; and of those who recover and trace them, very few will ever undertake to prosecute them through the several courts of the magistrate, the sessions, and that of

the last instance in a distant district, to which the proceedings must be sent for final orders."

Two murders were perpetrated in order to steal one blanket! Such is the human mind! It can reconcile itself to the most revolting crime, and make murder a trade. Hundreds in India are stated to have depended solely on such means for gaining their daily bread.

### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LEICESTER.



*Arms.*—Party, per pale, gu. and az.; three eagles displayed, arg.

*Crest.*—On a chapeau, az., turned up erm., and ostrich, arg., holding in its mouth a horse shoe, or.

*Supporters.*—On either side an ostrich, arg., the dexter gorged with a ducal coronet, per pale, gu. and az., line reflexed over the back of the first; the sinister gorged with a like coronet, per pale, az. and gu., and line reflexed over the back, az.

*Motto.*—*Prudentia qui patiens.* "The wise are patient."

Sir Thomas Coke, K. B., of Holkham, the lineal descendant of lord-chief-justice Coke, was elevated to the peerage, in 1728, as baron Lovel, of Minister Lovel, county of Oxford. In 1733, his lordship was constituted joint postmaster-general; and created, May 9, 1744, viscount Coke, of Holkham, and earl of Leicester. He married, 1718, lady Mary Tufton, fourth daughter and co-heiress of Thomas, sixth earl of Thanet, and had an only son, Edward, viscount Coke, who married, in 1747, lady Mary Campbell, daughter and co-heiress of John, duke of Argyll and Greenwich. The earl commenced the erection of that stately pile, called Holkham Hall, in Norfolk, but did not live to complete it. It was, however, finished by his widow, who survived him sixteen years. His lordship died April 20, 1754, when the earldom of Leicester and inferior honors became extinct, while the entire of his extensive estates devolved on his nephew, William Roberts, esquire, who assumed, in consequence, the surname

and arms of Coke. He married Elizabeth, daughter of George Chamberlayne, esquire, of Hillesden, Bucks. He died, in 1776, and was succeeded by his elder son, Thomas Williams, who was raised to the peerage, July 21, 1837, by the styles and title of earl of Leicester, and viscount Coke, of Holkham, in the county of Norfolk. He died June 30, 1842, and was succeeded by his son, the present peer, who was born December 26, 1822, and married Juliana, eldest daughter of Samuel Charles Whitbread, esquire, April 20, 1843.

### TALES OF A TRAVELLER IN EGYPT.

Every body has read of Mr. Waterton's ride on a *crocodile's back*. In a recent publication by another traveller, Mr Warburton treats us with a picture of crocodile shooting. He says:—"The first time a man fires at a crocodile is an epoch in his life. We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Mineyeh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins, at the mouths of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had now been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively, and the wild duck and turtle; nay, even the vulture and the eagle had swept passed, or soared above us in security. At length, the cry of 'Timschach, timschach!' was heard from half a dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half a dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spot of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in shore. K. was ill, so I had the enterprise to myself, and clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one, the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his fin-like legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say, 'He can do me no harm; however, I may as well have a swim.' I took aim at the throat of this supercilious brute, and, as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the



trigger. Bang! went the gun; whizz! flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck. His waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone on the calm water, as I reached the brink of the shore, that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. 'A hundred piastres for the time-seach,' I exclaimed, and half a dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the Blacks dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head. Now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since. From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe each traveller, who is honest enough, will make the same confession."

Egypt has ever been fruitful of the wild, the vengeful, and the marvellous; in Mr. Warburton's hands it does not fail to maintain its ancient character, as will be seen from the following extract:—

"There appears to be a wild caprice amongst the institutions, if such they may be called, of all these tropical nations. In a neighbouring state to that of Abyssinia, the king, when appointed to the regal dignity, retires into an island, and is never again visible to the eyes of men but once—when his ministers come to strangle him; for it may not be that the proud monarch of Behr should die a natural death. No men, with this fatal exception, are ever allowed even to set foot upon the island, which is guarded by a band of Amazons. In another border country, called Habeeesh, the monarch is dignified with the title of Tiger. He was formerly Malek of Shendy, when it was invaded by Ismael Pasha, and was even then designated by this fierce cognomen. Ismael, Mehemet Ali's second son, advanced through Nubia, claiming tribute and submission from all the tribes. Nemmir (which signifies Tiger), the king of Shendy, received him hospitably, as Mahmoud, our dragoman, informed us, and, when he was seated in his tent, waited on him to learn his pleasure. 'My pleasure is,' replied the invader, 'that you forthwith furnish me with slaves, cattle, and money, to the value of 100,000 dollars.'—'Pooh!' said Nemmir, 'you jest; all my country could not produce what you require in one hundred moons.'—'Ha! Wallah!' was the young Pasha's reply, and he struck the Tiger across the face with his pipe. If he had done so to his namesake of the jungle, the insult could not have roused fiercer feelings of revenge, but the human animal

did not show his wrath at once. 'It is well,' he replied; 'let the Pasha rest, to-morrow he shall have nothing more to ask.' The Egyptian, and the few Mameluke officers of his staff, were tranquilly smoking towards evening, entertained by some dancing-girls, whom the Tiger had sent to amuse them, when they observed that a huge pile of dried stalks of Indian corn was rising rapidly round the tent. 'What means this?' inquired Ismael, angrily; 'am not I Pasha?'—'It is but forage for your highness's horses,' replied the Nubian, 'for, were your troops once arrived, the people would fear to approach the camp.' Suddenly, the space is filled with smoke, the tent-curtains shrivel up in flames, and the Pasha and his comrade find themselves encircled in what they well know is their funeral pyre. Vainly the invader implores mercy, and assures the Tiger of his warm regard for him and all his family; vainly he endeavours to break through the fiery fence that girds him round; a thousand spears bore him back into the flames, and the Tiger's triumphant yell and bitter mockery mingle with his dying screams. The Egyptians perished to a man. Memmir escaped up the country, crowned with savage glory, and married the daughter of a king, who soon left him his successor, and the Tiger still defies the old Pasha's power. The latter, however, took a terrible revenge upon his people: he burnt all the inhabitants of the village nearest to the scene of his son's slaughter, and cut off the right hands of five hundred men besides.

*Elegance of Bees.*—Did any one ever sufficiently admire the entire elegance of the habits and pursuits of bees? their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers; their preference of those that have the finest and least adulterated odour; their avoidance of everything squalid (so unlike flies): their eager ejection or exclusion of it from the hive, as in the instances of carcasses of intruders, which, if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb; their love of clean, quiet, and delicate neighbourhoods, thymy places with brooks; their singularly clean management of so liquid and adhesive a thing as honey, from which they issue forth to their work as if they had nothing to do with it; their combination with honey-making of the elegant manufacture of wax, of which they make their apartments, and which is used by mankind for none but patrician or other choice purposes; their orderly policy; their delight in sunshine; their attention to one another; their apparent indifference to anything purely regarding themselves, apart from the common good.—*Leigh Hunt.*

## The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

*Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.*

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XVII.—continued.

After shutting the window, and walking up and down the room for a few minutes, Dagobert looked at his wife, and approaching her, said, "From what you tell me, I am certain that no accident has happened to the young girls."

"Oh, no! no!" said the poor woman, who was kneeling before her crucifix; "God be praised, they are well; but that is all that I can tell you about them."

"Did they go out alone? and when will they come back?"

"Alas! my good husband, I cannot tell. You need not ask me any more questions, for I will not reply."

"I think you will when you know one thing which you force me to tell you. Listen. If you do not deliver me up these young girls before the morning of the 13th of February—and you see the time is near at hand—you will make me appear as the robber and despoiler of the daughters of General Simon; and I have," he added, with a voice full of emotion, "done all that an honest man could do, to bring these children here. Oh! did you know what I suffered on the road—I, a soldier, with two children under my protection. My love, my devotedness for them, alone sustained and supported me in the midst of my troubles and vicissitudes; and I thought I would have had, as a recompense, the gratification of saying to their father, 'Behold your children.'"

The soldier could say no more. A tear started to his eye, and ran down his furrowed cheek, at the sight of which Madame Baudoin for a moment felt her resolution giving way, but remembering the oath that the Abbé Dubois had forced her to take, she overcame her inclination, by saying to herself, "All is done for the spiritual welfare of the orphans."

"How," she at length said, "could you be accused of having done so to his children?"

Dagobert wiped his eyes, saying, "If these young girls be not at the Rue St. Francois on the 13th of February, they will lose an immense fortune—and that through me, for I am responsible for what you do."

"The 13th of February, Rue St. Francois," said Madame Baudoin, looking at

her husband with surprise—"like Gabriel!"

"What do you say of Gabriel?"

"When I found the poor abandoned child, he had a bronze medal round his neck."

"A bronze medal!" interrupted the soldier, "with these words—'You will be at Paris on the 13th of February, 1832, at the Rue St. Francois.' And does Gabriel know that you found the medal upon him?"

"I spoke about it at the time. He had also about him a portfolio filled with papers written in a foreign language. I took them to my confessor that he might examine them. He told me that they were of no importance. Some time afterwards a charitable person, of the name of Rodin, took upon himself the charge of educating Gabriel, and got him introduced into a seminary. The Abbé Dubois gave these papers and the medal to M. Rodin, and I never heard a word about them since."

Whilst Madame Baudoin was speaking about her confessor, a gleam of light burst upon the mind of the soldier. Fixing his eyes upon his wife, he said, "There is priestcraft in all this; you have no interest in concealing those children from me. You are the best of wives—you see that I am suffering, and if you were acting for yourself you would pity me."

"My dear husband—"

"I tell you that all this speaks of the confessional; but take care, I know where he lives, and, by all that is sacred, I will go and ask him who it is that is master of my affairs, and if he will not answer me I shall find out a way to make him speak."

"O God!" cried Madame Baudoin, clasping her hands in fear, on hearing these words; "he is a priest—O, think of it."

"A priest who plants discord, treason, and misfortune, in my household, is only a contemptible, miserable wretch, as another man, from whom I have the right to demand redress for the evil which he has done me and mine. Therefore, tell me this instant where those children are, for if you refuse, your confessor will tell me, I'll warrant. Indeed, I would rather deal with him than with you, poor, infatuated woman!"

"Oh, Dagobert! I implore you not to expose yourself to such peril," said Madame Baudoin, throwing herself before her husband who was approaching the door. "Insult a priest! one of the Lord's anointed—"

The soldier disengaged himself from his wife, and so much was he exasperated, that he forgot his hat, and was going out without it, when the superintendent of police appeared at the door with the Majeux.

"The superintendent of police!" said Dagobert. "I am glad to see you. You could not have come more *à propos*."

## CHAPTER XVIII.—THE EXAMINATION.

"Madame Françoise Baudoin," said the superintendent, on entering.

"That is my name," said Dagobert's wife; then perceiving the Mayeux standing behind, pale and trembling, she stretched forth her hand, and added in tears, "ah, my dear child, for us you have suffered this sad, sad humiliation."

"You see," said the Mayeux, with an expression of touching dignity, "you see that I am innocent."

"So, Madame," said the superintendent to Madame Baudoin, "the things contained in this bundle belong to you?"

"Yes, sir, they belong to me; it was to render us a service, that that good, honest girl undertook to go to the pawnbroker's for us."

"Sir," said the superintendent sharply to the commissary, "you have committed a grievous error, which shall not be forgotten. Leave us." Then addressing the Mayeux, he added in a compassionate tone, "I cannot, Mademoiselle, sufficiently express my sincere regret for what has transpired, for I can easily conceive, the painful situation in which this mistake has placed you."

The superintendent was about to retire, when Dagobert said, in a firm voice, "Two days ago, sir, I arrived here, with two young girls, the daughters of Marshal Simon, Duc de Ligny. The dying mother confided them to my care, in the heart of Siberia. I left them in this house yesterday, as business called me from Paris. This morning, I find they have been carried off, and I know the man who caused them to be taken away."

"Husband!" ejaculated Madame Baudoin.

"This is a serious accusation, sir," said the superintendent, "are you certain of this?"

"Believe me, your honour, these girls were here an hour ago, and whilst I was at the station-house, they were taken away."

"I do not doubt the sincerity of your declaration. Carrying off children! Who told you that the children would not return? Who is it that you suspect? One word before you accuse any one; remember, that I am the superintendent of police, and that to-morrow you may be called upon to substantiate your accusations."

"That, sir, I shall be most happy to do. I am responsible for the children, whose father I expect here daily. I must justify myself in his eyes."

"I understand you, sir; but take care lest your suspicions be ill-founded; for false accusation is a serious offence in a case like this."

The soldier remained a minute silent, then he said—

"I accuse my wife's confessor, the Abbé Dubois."

Madame Baudoin screamed out, and hid her face in her hands.

"Sir," said the superintendent, "are you not unjustly accusing a man, whose calling almost ensures his respectability. I warned you to be careful whom you accused. This is a grave matter; for staining the character of a priest is an unpardonable offence."

"Why, sir," said Dagobert, impatiently, "at my age, one ought to be prudent. Listen. My wife is the best of women, the most honourable creature in the world; every one in this quarter will tell you the same; unfortunately, she is a devotee, and though she loves both her son and me, as a mother and a wife, still her confessor is all in all. I went out an hour ago to claim the poor Mayeux, and on returning, found the children gone. I asked my wife, to whom I had given them in charge, where they were, and she fell upon her knees, saying, 'Do with me as you please, but do not ask what has become of the children; I cannot answer you.'"

"Is that true, Madame," demanded the superintendent, in surprise, "you hear what your husband has said; what have you to say to justify yourself?"

"O sir," said Dagobert, "I do not accuse my wife; it is her confessor."

"You applied to me for justice. It is my duty as a superintendent to adopt, as my judgment dictates, the best means of eliciting truth, and of punishing the culpable. I again, Madame, ask you what you have to say for yourself?"

"Alas, sir; nothing."

"Did your husband, on going out, leave these children under your charge; that, by his return, they had left the house, and on his asking you where they were, you said you could give him no information respecting them?"

"Yes, sir," said Madame Baudoin, with resignation, "all that my husband has said, is true."

"Well, Madame, I must know what you have done with these children?"

"When I would not tell my husband, it is not likely that I would divulge the secret to any one else."

"Well, sir," said Dagobert, "is it likely that a good, honest, affectionate, and sensible wife, would act in this way? Believe me, sir, her confessor is at the bottom of all, and we can do no better than to enter proceedings against him without loss of

time, for I will not rest till my poor children are restored to me."

The superintendent, visibly affected, said, "Madame, my duty compels me to act harshly towards you. This is a serious matter, and in less than ten minutes I will state the whole affair to a magistrate. You acknowledge that the young girls were confided to your care, and you refuse to tell your husband, me, or any one else, where they are; you alone are responsible for these children, and I am sorry that my duty compels me to arrest you."

"Me!" cried Madame Baudoin, in terror.

"Her!" cried Dagobert, "Never! again I tell you that it is her confessor that I accuse, not my poor wife. Arrest her!" Saying this, he ran towards his spouse to protect her.

"It is too late, sir," said the superintendent; "your declaration is made respecting the abduction of two children; and from what your wife says, she, up to the present time, is the only one whom we can accuse. I must take her before a magistrate, who will deliver his judgment upon the matter."

"And I tell you, sir," said Dagobert, in a menacing tone, "that my wife shall not leave this house."

"Sir," said the superintendent, calmly, "I well understand your feelings; but for the sake of truth, I beseech you not to oppose me, for if you do, in ten minutes you will be rendered powerless."

These words, spoken with feeling and calmness, recalled the soldier to him self. He said, in grief:—

"But, sir, it is not my wife that I accuse—"

"Come, my husband, do not be uneasy about me," said Madame Baudoin, with the resignation of a martyr. "It is the Lord's will that I should suffer in his cause, and I am only his unworthy servant. I ought to accept these afflictions with gratitude. Let me be arrested, if it be desirable, but in prison or out of prison, I will not say anything about the dear children."

"You see, sir, that my poor wife is not herself. You cannot arrest her."

"There is no charge, no proof, against the personage whom you accuse; besides, his calling renders him sacred. Allow me to take Madame. Perhaps the magistrate will set her at liberty after a first examination. I regret much, sir, the performance of this duty, at a time when your son's arrest must affect you much."

"What!" cried Dagobert, looking at his wife and the Mayeux with stupor. "What is that about my son?"

"You are not aware of it!" said the superintendent, much affected; "it is cruel of me; but I thought you knew all."

"My son!" said Dagobert, clasping his forehead; "my son arrested!"

"Yes, sir, for a political offence, which is not very grave."

"Ah! this is too much to bear," said the soldier, falling back into a chair. "Everything at once overwhelms me."

After a heart-rending adieu, in the midst of which, Madame Baudoin, notwithstanding her terror, remained faithful to her oath, Dagobert said, in the bitterness of his heart—"Yesterday, my wife, my son, and my two poor orphans were with me, and now I am alone; alone and in sorrow."

Scarcely had he said these words when a soft, timid voice was heard to say: "Monsieur Dagobert, I am here. If you will permit me, I will serve you; I will remain beside you."

It was the honest Mayeux.

#### VOLUME THE FOURTH.

##### CHAPTER I.—THE MASQUERADE.

On the day following that on which Dagobert's wife was taken by the superintendent of police before a magistrate, a noisy and animated scene was passing in the Place du Châtelet, in front of a house, the ground and first floors of which were, at that time, occupied by an eating-house keeper, who rejoiced in the sign of "The Sucking Calf."

Day had just succeeded the night of *jeudi gras*, when a great number of grotesquely and shabbily dressed masquers issued from the different tavern ball-rooms in the vicinity of the Hôtel de Ville, and crossed, in mirth and joy, the Place du Châtelet. But, on another troop of masquers being seen running along the quay, they waited for them, in the hope of having one of those low and vulgar sallies of wit that have rendered *Vadé* so famous. The masquers, all of them more or less intoxicated, were soon joined by a number of persons, whose employments obliged them to be in the streets at an early hour. This crowd suddenly huddled itself into one of the angles of the Place, and a pale and deformed young girl, who was passing at that moment, was borne along by the mob, which ultimately surrounded her.

The Mayeux, for it was she, had got up at daybreak, and was at that early hour on her way to the house of her employer. The distressing events of the preceding day, which still weighed heavily upon her mind, and the naturally timid disposition of the poor girl, peculiarly unfitted her for this jovial and boisterous throng, through which she in vain endeavoured to make her way.

While she was in this situation, she was compelled to listen to the low wit that was bandied about between the two parties of masquers, one of which, she learned, was waiting for the Bacchanalian Queen, —the sister of the Mayeux.

Her arrival was announced by cries of "The carriages! the carriages!" by wild and enthusiastic demonstrations of joy, and by a sudden movement, in which the Mayeux was carried along, towards the Bacchanalian Queen and her court.

This was indeed a curious scene.

A man on horseback, dressed like a postilion, in a blue coat, embroidered with silver, a hat profusely ornamented with ribbons, and an enormous pigtail, from which clouds of dust were issuing, preceded the first carriage, shouting with all his might, "Make way, make way, for the Bacchanalian Queen and her court."

In an open landau, drawn by four meagre horses under the guidance of two old postilions, dressed like demons, arose a pyramid of men and women, in the most strangely grotesque and extravagant costumes that were ever seen. But every eye was turned to the second carriage, which contained the pride of the masqueraders, where, like a sovereign receiving the homage of her subjects, she was greeted on all sides, with "Long live the Bacchanalian Queen."

This noted personage was accompanied by Dumoulin, surnamed Nini-Moulin, Couche-tout-Nu, and Rose Pompon. Dumoulin, the writer of notoriety, who wished, by marrying Madame de la Sainte-Colombe to enrich himself, and to set at naught Rodin, his patron's influence, stood in the front of the carriage, offering a magnificent subject for the pencil of Collet or Gavani, whose works embody the sarcastic genius and marvellous fancy of the illustrious caricaturist, and the grace and poetry of Hogarth.

The age of Nini-Moulin was about thirty-five; he wore a casque of silvered paper, surmounted by a large plume of black feathers. Below his casque, beamed one of the most rubicund and joyous faces that was ever empurpled by the subtle spirit of generous wine. A nose, the primitive form of which, was modestly concealed under a luxuriant efflorescence of red and violet-coloured pimples, large grey eyes, sparkling with jovial good-humour, and a wide mouth, with thick lips, gave to his beardless face an expression of irresistible drollery.

Couche-tout-nu stood by the side of Nini-Moulin, waving a white silk standard, on which was inscribed, "Love and Joy to the Bacchanalian Queen." He was about twenty-five years of age; his lively and intelligent face, bearing the marks of re-

cent dissipation, expressed a singular mixture of carelessness, boldness, indifference, and scorn; but no base or sordid passion had yet left its fatal imprint there. He was dressed in a black velvet coat with silver buttons, scarlet waistcoat and pantaloons, with large blue stripes. A cashmere shawl was tied round his waist, and his hat was covered with flowers and ribbons. This showy costume set off to advantage his easy and graceful figure.

At the back of the carriage stood Rose Pompon, and the Bacchanalian Queen.

Rose Pompon's age was about seventeen; she was one of the drollest little creatures that could be met with. She was coquettishly dressed in the costume of a lighterman. Her hair was powdered white; and she wore an orange and green coloured hat, trimmed with silver lace, which was rendered still more gay by the sparkling of her black eyes, and the rose-coloured hue of her plump and smiling face.

The Bacchanalian Queen was about twenty years of age, tall and well-formed, with an air of sprightly gaiety. She had, like her sister, beautiful chestnut hair, and like her, too, she had large blue eyes, but instead of their being mild and timid like those of the Mayeux, they were full of mirth, and sparkled with ardent brilliancy.

So great was the energy of her constitution that, in spite of having just passed several days and nights in one continued round of merry making, her colour was as pure, her cheek as fresh, and her shoulder as white, as if she had come that morning from some peaceful abode. Her costume was whimsical and extravagant in an eminent degree, yet it became her exceedingly well.

Never had Spanish dancer a form more elastic than this singular girl, who seemed to be possessed of the demon of dance and of motion. Almost at every instant a slight and graceful movement of her head, accompanied by an undulation of the shoulders appeared to follow the cadence of an invisible orchestra, the time of which she marked with her right foot, in the most graceful and fascinating manner. Encircling her brow was a gilded diadem, the emblem of her sovereignty; her plaited hair hung down her vermilion cheeks, and was carried from thence to the back part of her head, where it was fastened. Her left hand was resting on the shoulder of little Rose Pompon, and she held in her right an enormous bouquet, with which she laughingly saluted the crowd.

A third carriage, filled, like the first, with masquers in grotesque and ludicrous costumes, completed this animated and noisy procession. Amid this joyous scene there was one person who contemplated it



with profound sadness. This was the Mayeux, who, in spite of all her efforts to leave the spot, now found herself in the foremost rank of the spectators.

She had been separated from her sister for a long time, and now that she beheld her in all the pomp of her fantastic triumph, the eyes of the poor Mayeux filled with tears; for although her sister was enjoying the noisy gaiety and short-lived luxury of those about her, yet she, clothed almost in rags, and obliged to toil night and day for a bare subsistence, sincerely pitied her, and as she gazed on the beautiful face of her sister, her own pale and mild features indicated the deep interest and profound sorrow with which she regarded her.

Suddenly, the joyous glance of the Bacchanalian Queen met the sad and tearful gaze of the Mayeux.

"My sister! my sister!" cried Cephyse; and with one light bound, she reached the Mayeux, whom she embraced affectionately.

This occurred so rapidly, and the companions of the Bacchanalian Queen were so surprised at the boldness of her perilous leap, that they neither observed the cause of it, nor noticed the singular contrast presented by the two sisters, otherwise the latter circumstance would have excited their hilarity.

Cephyse, desirous of preventing her sister from becoming an object of derision, called to Rose Pompon for her mantle, and desired Nini-Moulin to open the carriage door. When she received it, she quickly threw it round her sister, and thus prevented the deformity and mean dress of the Mayeux from becoming the sport of the crowd.

While the masquers were expressing their astonishment at this singular rencontre, the carriages arrived at the door of the eating-house keeper of the Place du Châtelet.

(To be continued).

*Atmospheric Locomotives.*—The Paris papers mention that M. Andraud, who has hitherto been encouraged and supported in all his experiments by the government, has applied for a concession of about two leagues near Paris, on the Saint-Denis line, connecting some of the villages with the other railroads. M. Andraud has performed successfully some experiments on the Versailles railroad (left bank), and no doubt is entertained of his being able to replace them by compressed atmospheric air. The great question, however, remains to be solved—can this be done with economy?

## THE TRUANT BRIDEGROOM.

The author of the following trifle heard the anecdote, on which it is founded, so beautifully narrated a short time since, that the impression it made on her mind produced almost impromptu the ballad here presented to the reader. The story runs thus:—A young Cornish miner, on the eve of his nuptials, having taken leave of his betrothed till the morning which was to witness their espousals, on his road homewards, deceived by the shadows of moonlight on the path he had to cross, missed his footing, and fell into the mouth of a newly covered-up mine, which had been worked out, and not properly closed. When the morrow came, the bridal tryst was of course not kept, and all was consternation and dismay in the families of both the contracting parties. Years passed on—*forty* years—yet no tidings were ever heard of the unfortunate bridegroom, when on re-opening the mine, which is a thing of frequent occurrence, the body of Willie Deane was discovered, perfectly entire, and in all the freshness of youth; the petrifying qualities of a spring which ran through the mine, and into which he had fallen, having preserved the body from decomposition. The lyric will tell the finale of the story.

Balmy and bright was the summer night,  
When Willie from his Mary parted;  
And the sun that shown on the morrow's dawn,  
Was to light to their bridal—the faithful-hearted.

The hour is set, the guests are met,  
The bride comes forth in smiles and blushes;  
Why this delay? fond lover, say!  
What boding fear her transport hushes?

Noon—eve has passed, the dews fell fast,  
The mournful breeze sighs sad and chilly;  
He comes not yet; can he forget  
His bridal-tryst, the faithless Willie?

The weary day lingers away,  
The moon looks down in silent sorrow;  
But no bridegroom came that bride to claim;  
Hope sets for her, and hath no morrow.

Months, years, speed by, and Mary's eye,  
With vacant gaze, meets friendly greeting;  
O'er her young head are snow-wreaths spread—  
Sorrow the step of time is cheating.

That eye so bright, that form so light,  
Have lost the names of "slyph" and "fairy,"  
From Reason's throne the gem hath flown,  
And left a wreck of IDIOT MARY.

'Tis Hallow-e'en—upon the green  
Rustics and village maids assemble;  
And there is laid, 'neath the beech-tree's shade,  
A sight that makes them weep and tremble.

In sleep of death, fresh as the wreath  
The May queen's flow'ry tresses cover,  
From the living tomb of the mine's dark womb,  
Have they drawn the corpse of the truant lover.

And one stands there, with silver hair,  
Her bent form on a staff reclining,  
And her cheek is white as the moonbeam's light,  
When on some marble tomb 'tis shining

And young hearts quail, and strong limbs fail,  
As from that gazing group she started;  
And with one wild cry of agony,  
Shrieked, "To himself I still faithful-hearted!"

"I knew he'd come, e'en from the tomb,  
To keep the vows his lips had plighted;  
The bride gifts bring—with this love-pledged ring,  
In death, my Willie, we'll be united

"Ye said he'd left me—of hope bereft me;  
False were such tales; I was never forsaken;  
We've met in dreams, by the summer streams,  
Nor time, nor madness, my faith hath shaken!"

The aged crone, who for years was known  
The hamlet's sybil, demented, silly,  
Tattered to clasp, in death's cold grasp,  
The remember'd form of her long-lost Willie.

Now, side by side, that groom and bride  
Neath the village church-yard turf are sleeping;  
And when daylight fades, fond youths and maids  
Love's trykt at their flower-deck'd tomb are  
keeping.

### The Gatherer.

*A Fortunate Dealer.*—In the old narrow street called St. Eloi, famed in the annals of Paris as that in which king Pepin resided, and immediately opposite where his palace stood, is the shop of a petty broker. Amongst his articles for sale was an old arm-chair, so worn with age that no one would give him forty sous, all he asked, for it. Tired of seeing it so long a useless cumberance, about the middle of last month, he resolved to break it up, and convert the horse-hair to some more profitable purpose, and burn the other fragments. On proceeding to this operation, he found concealed in the seat a roll of paper, in which were wrapped notes of the Bank of France to the amount of 11,500 francs, all of which were in the form adopted when this establishment was first founded.

*The Court of Chancery beaten in Delay.*—Celebrated as our Court of Chancery has been for breaking hearts and consuming the lives of generations, before its decision could be known, it must hide its diminished head before the Spanish courts of justice, as they are fancifully called. A law-suit there has been depending for the last ninety-three years, between the ducal families of Frias and Osuna, involving an immense territorial property, together with the title of Duke d'Osuna itself. It is now stated to have been decided in favour of Osuna, but the report is supposed to be premature.

*New Theatrical Scheme.*—It is said a Dramatic Art-union is in preparation. The projectors promise to re-open Covent-garden Theatre, at an early period, for the revival of the classical drama. It is proposed to carry out this object by

allowing a certain number of tickets of admission for each guinea subscribed, with other advantages to be described in the forthcoming prospectuses."

*Anecdote of Opie.*—Opie was painting an old beau of fashion! Whenever he thought Opie was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said, very quietly, "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."—*Haydon.*

*French Description of the Eton Montem.*—"It is at this (Eton) school that nearly all the youth belonging to the wealthy families of England receive their education; and here, also, are educated the children of noble families with small means. In order to meet the necessary cost for the maintenance of these poor children, a singular custom has been introduced. At a certain period of the year, all the pupils of the college assume the wallet, and go upon the neighbouring highways soliciting alms from the passers-by; and these freely and liberally respond to this appeal for their assistance in defraying the expenses of the college. Each year, it is said, considerable sums are collected, through the medium of this touching custom."—*Correspondent of the Journal des Débats*

*The Bar.*—At the present time there are in the four principal Inns of Court, no less than 2243 members of the bar. Of this number 7 were called above 50 years since, 17 between 45 and 50 years since, 28 from 40 to 45 years ago, 122 from 1814 up to 1804; from 1814 up to 1834 the number is 308. Of those who were called 10 to 20 years since there are now 701 members of the bar; and of those called during the last 10 years there are no less than 1100 who appear as members of the bar at the present time.

*A New Infirmary.*—A Paris paper says, "There is living in the Rue d'Enfer a young operative who can only see by the light of the sun. After sunset he can distinguish no object, even if it be lighted by the most powerfully-concentrated artificial light. This infirmity, baptized by the name of *Nyctalopie*, appears to be at present irremediable."

*Iron Church for Jamaica.*—A church has been sent out to Jamaica, as a specimen, as many of the kind are likely to be required. The pilaster supports are of cast iron, on which are fixed the frame-roof, of wrought iron, of an ingenious construction, combining great strength with simplicity of arrangement; the whole is covered with corrugated iron, and the ceiling formed of panelled compartments, covered with felt, to act as a non-conductor of heat. The body of the church is sixty-five feet by

forty; the chancel, twenty-four by twelve; a robing-room and vestry are attached. The windows are glazed with plate glass, one-eighth of an inch in thickness; the two chancel windows and four others are of stained glass. The cost of this iron church is £1,000.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

*Crossing the Line*.—"In the morning of the day on which we reached latitude 0, a lady asked if she could have a sight of the line through a telescope. A silk thread was fastened across the bottom of the glass, and she was desired to take the instrument into her own hands and look out for it. She immediately exclaimed that she saw it; and after a time, having satisfied her curiosity, gave back the telescope, apparently quite contented."—*Narratives of Adventure and Shipwreck*.

*Effects of Taxation in Egypt*.—An Egyptian tax gatherer has no sinecure. We read in the *Library of Travel*, "A fellow declared with many protestations that he was unable to pay his tax, amounting, I think, to 15 or 20 piastres. He was ordered by the proper functionary to receive a certain number of blows upon the soles of his feet, which were inflicted with such skill and violence as to extort the most piteous groans and exclamations. The sufferer, upon being released, was unable, for a considerable time, to stand upon his feet. When at length he was able to advance towards the magistrate's seat, he was asked again if he would pay his tax. He re-affirmed, with many solemn protestations, his utter inability to comply with the demand; a punishment still more severe was immediately ordered; the poor man was laid again upon his face, and was held down by two soldiers, while the practised operator returned to his task with increased vigour. The culprit struggled and screamed as in the last agonies, and finally swooned before the claims of justice were satisfied; after some time had elapsed, he recovered so far as to be able to hobble up to the tribunal, where he kissed the hand of the officer, and thanked him for his great lenity, promising to bring the money and pay the demand of the government without further delay." The cause of this obstinacy is said to be, the sufferers know their government, and are apprehensive that if they paid their taxes too easily, they would shortly be called upon for twice as much.

*Proved Value of Guano*.—The superiority of guano over common farm manure has just been demonstrated in half a dozen cabbages, produced by Mr. Bickerton, from land near Cottingham. The plants are of the early York species, and were reared on the same pieces of ground, with this difference only, that the plot on which three

of them stood was dressed with guano, and that of the others with farm-yard manure. The result is, that the three cabbages grown in the first named plot weigh respectively, eleven, fourteen, and eighteen pounds. Those on the second plot weigh but five, seven, and ten.

*Assam Tea*.—The tea cultivation in Assam goes on satisfactorily. About 190 maunds of the leaf had been shipped on board the *Nestor* for the English market, 180 maunds were in store, and 250 maunds were on the way down to Calcutta, making in all 620 maunds from the first two pickings of the season, while two other pickings were expected to follow. The last trip of the Assam steamer from Calcutta to Allahabad and back, was performed in seventeen days, including stoppages, and the voyage yielded a profit of nearly 8,000 rupees.

*Vindication of Character*.—The Hertfordshire peasants are notorious for their want of urbanity. A lady, while on a visit, had, during her rides on horseback, become perfectly aware of the boorishness of the peasantry. One day, when riding unattended, she came to a by-gate of her host's park, which had not a lodge. A chubby boy was swinging to and fro upon it. She ventured to beg that the boy would hold it open while she passed. To her amazement he did so! Delighted with his complacency, she gave him a shilling, observing, "It is quite clear, my lad, from your civility, that you are not a native of Hertfordshire." The young urchin replied, "Thee'rt a liar! I bee!"

*Extraordinary Increase in the Value of Property*.—From a recent return made by order of the vestry of St. Mary-le-bone, with respect to assessments in Oxford-street, it appears that in the year 1777, a house, situated on the north side of Oxford-street, corner of Orchard-street, was rated in the parish books at 15*l*. per year. In the present year (1844) the same house lets at 220*l*., and is rated in the books of St. Mary-le-bone at 120*l*.

*Curious Marriage Fee*.—At Northwich, in Cheshire, a singular custom prevails, which is held by the charter of that church, to the senior scholar of the Grammar School, namely, that he is to receive marriage fees to the same amount as the clerk, or, in lieu thereof, the bride's garter.

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to hear from Mr. J. W., at Exmouth.

Mr. K., of Plymouth, will have a letter from us. We will reply to L. M. S. next week.

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